

THE PRINCE ALBERT TIMES

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1883

MR. FANQUIE DISQUALIFIED.

Mr. Fanquie has been disqualified notwithstanding the representations of the unsophisticated young politician, that he had endeavored to have the election conducted in a legitimate manner, while he himself was treating the electors at his meeting and his friends were using every means in their power to induce the electors to vote for the "right man."

The effect of the disqualification of Mr. Fanquie will be that for the next eight years he will be debarred from holding any municipal or legislative office or any office in nomination of the Crown or the Lieut. Governor. Also from being entered on any voter's list as a voter, and from voting at any election.

It only remains now for the case against John Shields and his gang to be vigorously pushed, to clear the air from the foul and reeking nest of corruption into which the electors of Muskoka have been deluded.

"NOT TO BE USED LIGHTLY."

We have been told that secession and rebellion are words that are not to be lightly used, and any person who takes into consideration the results that might follow from any organized attempts to secure our just rights will not be slow to endorse the opinion, but no such trouble as civil strife can arise unless there are two parties to the controversy and the Government will, in the event of trouble here, be one of the parties to the strife. But they seem to feel as did the pious deacon who, after having had an unseemly dispute with a brother deacon, explained that he had prayed for guidance and had concluded that "You must yield for I cannot." The settlers, however, have no intention of desisting from their demands and, although they have every faith in the fair and honest intentions of the people in the East, they feel that were they to act quickly and decisively the Government would be compelled to cast off the speculators and other lawless parasites who at present prey upon the public lands. That the settlers themselves are not an unreasonable class is abundantly proven by the fact that no previous Minister of Interior has had any difficulty in managing the Dominion Land's Department. Homesteaders read the Act and knew that the literal translation gave its meaning very fully. They knew too that if they squatted on unsurveyed lands their rights would be respected. They knew also that they incurred a great risk if they perjured themselves to obtain their patents, and that therefore nothing but a due fulfillment of their settlement duties would enable them to hold their claims, but they also knew that there was some incentive to work, no government employee could meddle with their private affairs or recommend the Government to gobble up their hardy earned improvements. Most assuredly secession and rebellion are terms not to be lightly used, but if the people, galled beyond all endurance should rather than be ejected seek redress from abroad or join together in protecting their homes, the responsibility will rest upon the shoulders of those who have been guilty of the greater wrong of seeking to become possessed of lands and improvements that belong to another, not upon those who desiring peace still remember that "The subject who is truly loyal will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures."

THE HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE

Of all the projected lines of railway designed to open up the great North West there is none of such paramount importance, not only to Prince Albert, but to the whole of the Territories, as that which will connect with the Hudson Bay, either at Churchill or Nelson, and thus open up the shortest ocean route to Europe. A reference to the map will show that the route from Liverpool by way of Hudson's Bay is by far the shortest to the North West Territories of Canada. The distance from Churchill harbor to Liverpool via Hudson's Straits is 2,926 miles. From Montreal to Liverpool, via Cape Race, is 2,990, and from New York, via Cape Clear, 3,540 miles, showing 64 miles in favor of Churchill as compared with Montreal, and 114 as compared with New York. As regards the practicality of navigating the straits and bay during certain seasons of the year, it has been demonstrated by actual observation that the bay and straits are never frozen over, and that the ice in the harbors of Churchill and Nelson only extends to a distance of about three or four miles from the shores, through which a channel could easily be kept open by means of boats or small steam tugs. Taking the average of authority, there can be no doubt that for at least five or six months in the year navigation is open for steamers—a quite long enough time to transport all the grain of the North West to the markets of Europe. A party of engineers who went out last autumn to survey the route to Nelson river and harbor, spent last winter there, and have recently returned. They report most favorably of the practicality of the route, and state that the harbors were not closed by ice until towards the close of January, and were again open by the middle of June, and that channels could easily be kept open to the bay during that time by boats. Charters were originally granted by the Dominion Parliament to two companies to open and operate lines of railway to the Hudson Bay, but they have since amalgamated and are now united under one charter. The design of the Hudson Valley Railway Company was to build a road from Norway House to Churchill, a distance of 365 miles. The second company intended to build from Winnipeg to York Factory (Nelson). The probable route now will be from Norway House to Churchill, with a branch to Prince Albert. The amalgamated companies have received a large grant from the Dominion Government—6,400 acres per mile—and as soon as the straits are surveyed and their navigability for large vessels demonstrated, the construction of the road will be proceeded with. When this line of railway is built, as built it undoubtedly will be before another decade has passed, Prince Albert will be to the Canadian North West what Chicago is to the Western States, what Montreal is to the provinces of old Canada, and New York to the Middle and Eastern States—the great highway and outlet for the immense grain fields of this vast country to the continent of Europe, and the nearest connecting link between the old world and the new. To those amongst us who may be dependent on as a count of the present dullness in business, we say do not despair. It is the same, and worse, all over the Dominion. Hold on a little longer. We have a magnificent heritage, and a glorious future before us, if we only persevere and are true to ourselves, and we will yet live to see Prince Albert what nature intended her to be—the Queen City and Metropolis of this great Canadian North West.

FAREWELL SERMON

Preached by Rev. James McViehart on Sunday Evening, September 23rd, in St. Paul's (Presbyterian) Church.

The following is a synopsis of the farewell sermon preached by the Rev. J. McViehart last Sunday evening in St. Paul's (Presbyterian) church, on the eve of his departure for a new field of labor. The text was taken from Ezekiel xlvii, 1 to 17—"The vision of the holy waters." The rev. gentleman discoursed in a very eloquent and impressive manner, and was listened to with profound interest. The building was completely filled.

The vision of the happiness of gospel times which were vouchsafed to holy men of old while they form the devout contemplation of the pious by their own intrinsic worth, invite our fancy to linger amid the enchanting scenes they unfold by the aptness and variety of the imagery employed. This rich and beautiful allegory was not placed in the Bible simply to amuse us. It is doubtless a vivid representation of the scheme of redemption from its beginning to its final and glorious consummation. In pondering over this marvellous vision, several particulars solicit our earnest attention: 1. Source of these supernatural streams. "From under the altar." Fire was kept perpetually burning on the altar of sacrifice, symbol of that vengeance against sin which in after ages consumed the humanity of Christ, and expired only when it touched his divinity. From the sacrifice of the Lamb of God on the altar, the living waters of salvation flow forth from beneath the altar. 2. Rapid increase. Some say the Christian civilization is mortal—the sacred river is on the way to the bitter sea. It is the bitterness of the sea, not the sweetness of the waters that is doomed. Christianity refuses to be suppressed. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The waters of life, unaffected by summer's heat or winter's cold, shall spread in every direction, to every clime, till the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the seas. 3. Effects—On either bank of the ecclesiastical stream grow trees of life, offering health to the sick and food to the hungry. The Gospel of Christ is the only remedy for man's spiritual disease. Vain are the world's vaunted drugs for the cure of this desperate malady. God has provided an infallible cure in the healing waters of the cross—the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nation. Further, this tree of life has a nutritious as well as a healing power. History relates how the fate of our great battle was decided by one good meal, victory resting with those who broke their fast before entering the action. Piety loses bone and sinew in feeding on garbage, by starvation of Bible truths. Notice the variety and permanence of this production. The beauty of moral goodness never decays. At the foot of the Himalayas there are some places where they obtain fruit over all the year. Here is a wonder without its parallel in the gardens of earth—the self same tree yielding abundant food for each successive month. The pleasures of sin are evanescent. The pleasures and peace of piety are like a tree, yielding a new harvest every month of abundant vitality and ever during growth. O, hungry and thirsty soul, come in faith; come to the river of divine mercy, whose banks are adorned with trees bearing rich and ever varying fruits, and you shall hunger no more. A few minutes more and this service closes, and with it the relation that has subsisted for the past three years between minister and people. Let us remember, sermons die not. Sermons die not. They leave impressions of good or evil. They must have a new existence, and with a voice joyful with acquittal or laden with condemnation, in prospect of the solemn reckoning of that dread hour, surely the aspiration of each of our hearts should be, "Unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever." Amen.

RISE.
Belonging to Cumberland House, on the 10th of September, the wife of Horace H. Baker, Esq., Hudson's Bay Company, of a son.

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NOTICE.

I beg leave to inform my friends and the public in general that I have sold out my interest in the Woodbine Mill and to Mr. J. H. ALLEN and THOS. RICHARDSON, of Prince Albert, who will continue the business.

Thanking you kindly for your past patronage, and hoping at some future time to merit a share of your patronage in some other enterprise.

I am yours, etc.,

THOMAS O. DAVIS.

N.B.—All accounts due me from said business to be placed in the hands of W. R. Gunn for collection.

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A WIFE'S TACT.

Paul finding that was all on her side.

After having been married some weeks it came into the head of a young husband, one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and his wife asked him to begin. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the first to propose the matter, and as he was the head of the house, it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital. He said:—

"My dear, one of the first faults that I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you neglected the tinware. My mother always took great pride in her tinware, and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see us spot on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have always observed," said the husband, "that you use your dish rags a long time without washing them, and finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish rags when she was done using them, and then hang them up where they could dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared he could think of nothing more worthy of mention.

"Now my dear," he said, "you begin and tell me all the faults you have discovered in me since we have been married."

The wife sat in silence. Her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came in her throat, which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have discovered in me; spare none."

Arising suddenly from her seat the little wife burst into tears, and throwing both arms around her husband's neck cried:—

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have one, my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you that so long as we have been married, I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to me to be done in the best manner, and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think. I have gone and found all manner of faults with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good for nothing wretch the world is, I shall begin my work of reform and try to make myself worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear, you know that sometimes I go away and leave you without any word cut. I stay up town when I ought to be at home. I spend money for drink and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you; I—"

"No, you don't," cried his wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to be so different than just exactly as you are."

"God bless you, wife," cried the now subjecting husband, "from this moment you have not a fault in the world, indeed, you never had a fault; I was joking; don't remember a word I said!" and he kissed away tears that still streamed in the little woman's eyes.

Never again did the husband, scrutinizing his wife nor examine the dish rags, never so much as mentioned one of the faults he had enumerated; but soon after the neighbor women were wont to say:—

"It is wonderful how neat Mrs.

keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is as bright as a new dollar, and I do believe that she not only washes but irons her dish rags." And the neighbor men were heard to say:—"What a steady fellow—has got to be of late. He don't spend a dime where he used to spend dollars, and never can be kept from home half an hour when he is not at work. He seems to worship that wife of his."

THAT'S ME.

He drove a policeman into a doorway on Woodbridge street Sunday evening and began:—

"About two hours ago a cadaverous woodenhead night has been seen gawping at the river from the foot of Randolph street. He didn't know enough to chew gum. That was me."

"You sh? Well?"

"Well, he gawped and he gawped, and he knew he had \$20 in his pocket, and he chuckled and tickled and he had come to town to look around and see things and go home and be a lion. That was me again."

"I see."

"He just fairly ailed to have a bunko man come up and slap him on the back and call him Josephus Bawwood, and ask how pa and ma and the children all got along. He tickled to have a three-card monte man tickle him under the chin and call him a red fox from Iowa County, and open up his little game."

His bones all screamed out for the man with the legus gold pieces, and he drew down his left eye as he thought how they'd take him for a hay stack and get sold. He was an infernal idiot. That's me."

"Yes."

"Well, as he was standing there and feeling how sharp and cute and cunning he was, up comes a man who was breathing hard and looking smart, and says he is in a whipper. 'You look like a friend to the unfortunate. I can see by the cut of your face I can trust you. I have wounded a man who insisted my wife, and I must skip to Canada to escape arrest. I have no money, but here is a hundred dollar bond. Lend me \$20 and keep the bond until I see you.'"

The double-jointed idiot from the country took it all in like a boy gulping down sulphur and tasses. That's me one more."

"I'm listening."

"The greenhorn was flattered and tickled. He saw a chance to make \$80 on that bond. The bond-proof, back action, copper-riveted agricultural peach blossom figured as how he'd cash that bond to-morrow and skip, and so how the man in haste to reach Canada would buy a yoke of oxen, and so he passed over his greenback and pocketed the bond. Yes, the bald-headed, cross-eyed, bow-leg, and turnip patch did that very thing. That's me to a dot."

"It is possible?"

"And here's the bond—worthless! And here I am—stumped! And some where up town is the sharper—licked half to death at the way he played me; Say?"

"Yes."

"Hunt up a horn foot, catch a rank, scare up a slide, bring in an old man with a third wife, and boil 'em all down and bag up the bones and call the thing Josephus Bawwood. That's me."

And he walked off to find the plank road running West, waving the better bond with one hand and helping to kick himself with the other. Half a block away he halted and looked back, and seeing the officer still there he gave himself three kicks and slunked out in a lonesome voice:—

"Don't you forget it—that's me!"

"That's me."

"That's me."

"That's me."

"That's me."

"That's me."

"That's me."

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"That's me."

AN "O" FOR AN "E."

At an editorial convention the conversation turned on typographical errors. Of course every man present who had wielded a Faber for the purpose of lifting struggling humanity into the upper strata, where the dazzling rays of the bright sun of knowledge should illumine the path, etc., had some reminiscence about certain typographical errors. Joe Peters, of the *Blountian Eagle*, finally got the floor. "Gentlemen," said he, "see this scar across my cheek as big as a horseshoe: see this crease in my nose where a portion had been extracted; see the remaining half inch of my right ear; examine this hand and wonder what became of the thumb and fourth finger; look at this stiff leg. All this is the result of getting an 'o' where an 'e' ought to be. I had occasion to report a case in Squire Fielder's office and the evidence of one of the witnesses did not tally very well with the others. This was a big, burly man, a lively stable keeper, who might be able to get away with Sullivan. I incidentally remarked that the witness was a veracious man. Well, gentlemen, when the *Blountian* came out to intelligent compositor and the equally intelligent proof-reader had got it voracious. The lively stable man saw it before I did and walked straight into the office, and without speaking a word he seized me by the hand and broke those fingers so they had to be amputated; then he jabbed me against the wall with force enough to knock out my front teeth, stopping to inquire whether I still thought he was voracious. Before I could answer he bit off a piece of my ear and asked me if I took him for the fool who undertook to eat eighteen goose eggs in eighteen hours. Then he slammed me against the imposing stone and broke my leg, and mildly inquired if he looked like a man who would make a bet to assimilate a brace of quail every day for six weeks. Before I could recover from that assault he landed an iron instand against my jaw-bone with the query whether anybody had told me that he was the very party who could digest a peck of raw oysters at a sitting. As a parting salute he bit a piece out of my nose and left. After the doctor had gathered together what there was left of me and set my broken bones, I asked for a copy of the *Blountian* and discovered what it was that had made him mad."

"Did you sue him for damages?" asked the crowd.

"Not at all," said Peters. "I had got more damages than I wanted already."—*Old City Derrick.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

Burlington Hawkeye: It is a glad picnic party. The Sunday school had gone out into the lovely forest. The dark object in the heavens, 800 miles wide and 2,400 miles long, is a cloud. It got to the woods as soon as the picnic, and is there yet. Under the great oak you can see the dinner. The large winter proof mound in the middle of the table sullenly laughing at the storm is a fruit cake. The teacher of the infant class made it herself for the little ones. But the storm scared them. See, the lightning struck the cake. It will never strike anything else. There stands the cake without a dent, and under the table, shattered and blighted, lies the thunderbolt. Under the cedar tree is a dying dog. He got in the way and the superintendent felled him to the earth with one blow of a bit-cut. The tall figure wrapped in the ghastly drapery of a water-soaked linen duster, leading the way to the cave, is the teacher of the young ladies' bible class. His influence with that class is gone forever. The young ladies will never be able to look at him again without thinking how he looked on this occasion. Up in the hickory tree you see a grief-stricken face peering down. It is the superintendent. He climbed up there to fix the swing, and before they could throw the rope the storm came up and the picnic adjourned sine die and sine mora. And he is waiting for the last stranger to disappear before he comes down. He has officiated at Sunday school picnics often enough to know better than slide down a shillabuck hickory tree before an audience. The man with the umbrella under his arm is the treasurer. He is getting drenched, but he does not take his umbrella. He knows there is a name on it, and he is not sure it, but for the life of him he cannot remember whose name it is. He is waiting his chance to give the umbrella to a stranger.

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gathered by our Reporters.

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GENERAL MERCHANTS,
Prince Albert, - - - Saskatchewan.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

was for a repetition of what he then witnessed. He was in hopes that wise counsels would prevail, and that the Government would see the necessity of remedying the evils, when we justly complain of, and that our people, at length weary of trial, would exhaust every legitimate means for obtaining a peaceful solution of the questions which are now agitating the public mind.

Mr. MacKenzie spoke in glowing terms of the great future he believed was before Prince Albert. With the prospect of immediate telegraphic communication with the East, thanks mainly to the untiring exertions of the Hon. Mr. Clarke, and of railroad connection in the near future by some of the projected lines of road with the C. P. R., and that other great and important line of the Hudson Bay, and the line by ocean steamer to Europe, in which enterprise he was glad to find his friend Duncan MacKenzie, he felt interested. With all these projected improvements, it would be easy to forget that this pleasant town would be before many more years had passed over our heads. Mr. MacKenzie concluded by expressing that before two years had passed we would find Mr. Stenvert back again. His guess was in Prince Albert and the North West, and as his heart was in his work here, he looked forward to his speedy return. In the meantime, he would wish him a safe journey and a happy reunion with his wife and family.

Hon. Mr. Clarke, in the course of a few well chosen remarks, alluded to the services of Mr. Stenvert as one of the pioneers of the place, and as a worthy successor of the Hon. MacKenzie, Mr. Nesbit. He had no doubt that Mr. Stenvert would continue his interest in Prince Albert, and would do much to make it more widely known and appreciated. He entirely reciprocated the wish expressed by his friend, Mr. MacKenzie, that Mr. Stenvert would soon get tired of the east and return to the old home in the North West, where he would always be a welcome and welcome.

The programme was then taken up, and an overture on the piano and violin, very pleasingly rendered by Messrs. Wain and Peterson. Then came a song, "We are brethren," by Mrs. Brown, who has only recently come amongst us, and who acquitted herself acceptably as to call for a unanimous encore, to which the kindly response of "No more," was also well received. Then Mrs. Col. Sprat, the leading lady in the choir, sang "Thou Yough! Remember Me," in such capital form as to demand an encore, which was responded to with this old but ever favorite song, "Come! thro' the life."

Then came a very interesting portion of the entertainment, the refreshments, which were duly appreciated, in the neighboring parlors. The most prominent of the ladies ministering to the wants of the hungry were Mrs. Sprat, Miss Lake, Miss Marshall, Mrs. Wain, Mrs. Mackenzie and Miss Goss. The most active of the gentlemen committee were Col. Sprat, Messrs. T. N. Campbell, Theo. Fowles, Wm. Stewart, J. D. Hendon and J. Knox. After the good things had been properly consumed, the party retired to the south, where the second part of the programme was taken up. First on the programme was the presentation of an address from the members and congregation of St. Paul's Church to their retiring pastor, which was read by the agent, as follows:

To the Reverend James Stenvert, Pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan Territory, in the North West Territory of Canada.

HARKNESS AND DEAR SIR:—We, the members and congregation of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church in Prince Albert, recognize you have been faithfully provided for the last three years, and ask you to take your departure from our midst, without placing upon you the expression of the deep sorrow we feel at the loss we are about to sustain by your resignation of the pastoral charge of this Mission.

We have only to compare the state of the Mission when you took charge of it, three years ago, with the present prosperity and the rising condition, to realize the wisdom and importance of your labors. The dear Church membership was weak and discouraged; its property consisted of the old dilapidated Mission house and the little bit of Church.

To day we can point with pride to a large and intelligent congregation (second to none in Prince Albert) worshipping in a neat brick church, accommodating some 150 persons, but still too small for the purpose, and handsome for a name now being erected for the accommodation of the minister and his family. Besides these we find on the Mission property over sixty buildings, comprising two churches, a banking establishment, the finest stores in the town, and a number of handsome and substantial private residences, erected at a cost of from eighty to ninety thousand dollars, forming the nucleus of the future great city of the Saskatchewan—a result which is mainly attributable to the unbounded zeal and indomitable energy which you have displayed both in your secular and ministerial work, and which will form a lasting monument of your labors in advancing the temporal and spiritual welfare of Prince Albert.

While deploring the loss which we as a congregation will sustain in your departure, we are pleased to think that you are returning to the happy home of your wife and family from whom you have been so long separated, and we are further comforted by the thought that all those absent from us, we will still have the benefit of your advocacy and support in battling for our rights in the higher Courts of the Church, where your local knowledge and large experience of this country cannot fail to be of great weight.

In now parting with you, we cannot refrain from mentioning the fact which you must be already aware of, viz.—that had your services been enabled you to remain with us, you would have received the unanimous vote of the Church, and although we are aware that the duties of your wife in the comfortable cause of your departure, we cannot help feeling that there were other men as ever which had no control, which have largely contributed to that result. Wishing you every spiritual and temporal blessing in the sphere of usefulness in the Church of Christ, you may wherever he placed, and trusting that Mr. Stenvert may soon be raised to her accustomed health.

We are yours faithfully,
A. SPROAT,
J. MACKENZIE,
J. C. MACKENZIE,
W. J. CARLSON,
T. FOWLES,
A. STENVERT.

for and on behalf of the Presbyterian Church, Prince Albert.

To which Mr. Stenvert returned the following:

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—Next to the approval of the Great Master of a minister of the Gospel, none takes the confidence and joy of those among whom he labors. However hard I have tried, I did not feel your sympathy and congregation, my work must have been a failure.

I have long regarded the old picture of a Missionary standing by the wayside with a Bible in one hand, as founded on a narrow conception of the wide reaching work of Christianity. While content in proclaiming God's truth, a true Missionary must cherish intelligent sympathy and interest in all that concerns his fellow-men, deeming nothing foreign that is human. While aware of many imperfections, I am conscious that I have tried diligently in efforts to promote the spiritual and secular well-being of your fair town. For whatever measure of success has attended my work, I desire to praise the Father of all good. And I have the opportunity to thank you for the duty of the Presbyterian Church to take a fair share in the superior education of this Territory, and should any petition be sent to the Courts of the Church there, I shall gladly give the aid of my strenuous support. It was not without earnest deliberation that I decided to leave the two that bound me to a people who have always assured me they would willingly have me remain, and I trust will by transfer to my successor in office the esteem with which I have been so highly favored. I shall not fail to convey to Mrs. Stenvert, who doubtless will duly appreciate it, the expression of your kindly feelings.

I need not say I shall never forget the days I have spent in Prince Albert, and I earnestly pray Heaven's dearest blessing, spiritual and temporal, may abundantly rest on you and yours.

Yours truly,
JAMES STENVERT,
Minister in charge.

Col. Sprat said they had fully expected to have the presence of several other reverend gentlemen, but Saturday evening was not a very convenient one for ministers to attend, although it was the only one available. He was glad, however, to welcome the Rev. Caleb Parker, who had recently taken charge of the Methodist Church at Prince Albert, and he would ask him to say a few words.

Rev. Caleb Parker was pleased to take part in the entertainment in honor of Mr. Stenvert, although sorry that he was so soon to leave us. Although he himself had been but a short time in the place, his personal relations with the gentlemen had been of the most pleasant kind, and he could readily understand the feelings of regret with which his congregation parted with him. He fully agreed with the statement that a minister would be a duty and a criticism in the true sense of the word, not a mere machine, and that he should identify himself with everything that had for its object the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of his people. At the present time public attention is largely directed to the North West and many in the East and the Mother country are looking this way. Much as Mr. Stenvert could do an immense amount of good by the valuable information he could afford as to the true state of affairs in this country. We did not wish to be over-estimated, nor was overestimated; the truth was all we wanted, and that Mr. Stenvert was in a position to tell. The reverend gentleman concluded a forcible address by expressing his own confidence in the future of Prince Albert—the embryo Chicago of the Canadian North West.

Miss Mackenzie then played a short solo very nicely on the piano, after which our well-known organist, Mr. T. D. Davis, gave three of his inimitable character songs, in his usual capital style, which drew forth enthusiastic responses. They were as follows:—
"Never saw the Horse Shoe from the Plow,"
"When McGinnis gets a Job,"
"The Honest Irish Lad." The last number on the list was that time honored rock and whine, old song, "Home sweet Home," very sweetly sung by Mrs. William Stewart, which called for a repeat.

Col. Sprat then thanked the members of other denominations who had so kindly assisted and contributed to the success of the social, and the ladies of the congregation who had furnished the substantial. Credit is also due to Mr. Wm. Johnson, who kindly superintended the musical practice. The proceedings then closed with the national anthem, and this ended one of the pleasantest and most successful entertainments ever held in Prince Albert. The presentation of the addresses was accompanied by a purse of about one hundred and fifty dollars, the spontaneous offering of members of all denominations.

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